

Leaving, Prologue

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(Ranma/Slayers)

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Disclaimer :

Ranma 1/2 is not mine. Slayers is not mine.

Note : This is a Ranma/Slayers fusion, in the sense that the Slayers characters and magic system were incorporated in the Ranmaverse, and changed to better fit Modern Japan, with a different dynamic between the characters. C&C is greatly appreciated and can be sent to ranma_666@hotmail.com or ICQ# 45118495. Thank you.

" " spoken ' ' thought * * emphasis

Leaving

Prologue

The sky was losing its light blue to a dark one as the sun was disappearing under the horizon. Ranma packed the last of his things and buried the fire under some dirt. After shouldering his backpack, he looked around. The waterfall filled his ears, being merely fifty feet away. Even in the darkness of the cliff on the other side of the river, he could still see the gentle spray of mist in the air.

It was a really weird area. If one faced the waterfall, from the elbow in the river a few hundred feet ahead, one would see a forest on the left and a vertical cliff on the right, at a perfect angle from the waterfall.

Ranma gave one last look and headed back home. One weekend wasn't long, but he would return in a week, this time with everyone else. This had been his first training trip alone. More like a thinking session away from the chaos, really. Truth was he hadn't done much thinking, instead discovering something entirely new to him.

He smiled. In one week he would return, never to leave again. But first, he had to catch his train so he wouldn't get to the Tendo home too late. 'One week.' he thought. 'More like five days, really. Five more days of answering to them and then I can be free. I can be released from this curse I too long have called my life.'

He stopped for a moment, lowering his head with his eyes closed, a sorrowful expression on his face. He took in a deep breath and let it out. 'You made the decision, Ranma, now live with it.' He chuckled at the irony and continued his way.

After the five days were over, Ranma knew he was making the right decision. There was no way to make somebody happy, only a way to make one person ecstatic and the rest mad and jealous. So, everyone would be sad, the result of taking every emotion and spreading them around evenly.

Without looking, Ranma reached with his foot and zipped down his tent. This was the last night of his life. One would think he'd visit the four girls to get a little fun, but that would be cruel to them in the long run. They'd only miss him more, and he wouldn't cause them more pain for his pleasure. There was also the fact that any of them would surely blurt it out as he jumped from the cliff in the morning.

And he'd do it in front of all of them. Instead of camping at the bottom of the waterfall, like on his weekend alone, he had taken them on the cliff itself. There was a small point, right over the waterfall, about five or six feet long, perfect for admiring the view or jumping to one's death.

The fall wasn't very high, only a hundred seventy, eighty feet at most. The reason it was deadly was the stone needles hidden under the white waters of the waterfall. And Ranma had made sure to mention it when he presented it. "Welcome to Needles falls!" he had shouted, the name bringing the obvious questions. It was a good thing it had been so late when they got there, else there would have been a fight and he was sure somebody would have picked him up and thrown him down. Not that he'd mind, he just wanted to do it on his own terms.

Ranma turned on his little lamp and took out a large book with leather covers. He knew he wouldn't get one wink of sleep the entire night, so he didn't bother to even try. He'd keep himself occupied, even if he knew it wouldn't mean much afterwards. If he didn't do something, he'd be so bored he'd jump right away, and that wasn't what was planned.

With so much free time, Ranma decided to truly understand the text instead of simply reading it. He read every paragraph at least three times, truly committing the information to memory, understanding it in every detail. Forty-five pages later, he could see the light of the sun starting to come through his tent. He closed the book and

sighed. 'Why isn't anything ever easy?' he asked himself before slamming the book shut and putting it away in its plastic bag.

The book safely hidden, Ranma left his tent and slowly walked to the small rocky point, letting the morning air and the sun rays enter him one last time. Soon, Ranma Saotome would be dead.

He stood there, letting the wind play with his hair, one foot away from a long and ultimately deadly fall. He let the calm scenery enter him, closing his eyes to better feel it. He didn't know how much time had passed when he felt a presence coming behind him, the footfalls barely audible yet unmistakable.

"Hello Ranma." Kasumi said, calm and cheery as ever. "Hello Kasumi." Ranma replied. "Beautiful morning, isn't it? It's so calm and relaxing... I can't remember the last time I felt like that... I don't think I've ever been like that..."

Kasumi frowned, ever-so-slightly. Those were the words of somebody deep in depression, yet no matter how keen her senses she could only feel an eerie calm from Ranma. It could only mean... She refused to accept it.

After awhile, Ranma spoke. "Could you get everyone, Kasumi? I have something to say. It's rather important, so wake them all." He was talking slowly and softly, not having moved from his position, looking down the waterfall.

"Of course." She tried not to appear to be hurrying while returning to the camp. Something was wrong. Definitely wrong. She had always wondered how Ranma could go through so much and not be affected, and now she had her answer. It had been buried deep and now he was insane.

She woke up everyone, trying to stay nice despite her feeling of urgency. It was only five minutes until they were all relatively properly dressed and following her to the cliff's edge, some protesting more than others. Ranma apparently hadn't moved, but turned as they approached, an eerily calm smile on his face.

Ranma raised a hand to stop any remarks those that didn't like him were about to say, and put it down. "I'm sorry for waking you this early, but I couldn't wait. Not anymore." Ranma looked down briefly.

There was a sorrowful tone to this that found Kasumi's ear, but she saw she was the only one who had heard. It seemed Ranma had chosen his moment, making sure no one would understand the deeper meaning of his words before it was too late.

"For the past two and a half years, I've been through hell. Each of you only has to deal with me and one or two others, but I have to face each and everyone of you, and I can't do it anymore. This situation is out of control. There are no solutions, since nobody is willing to compromise. So I'm removing the source of all the problems. Me."

There was a few gasps and widened eyes, but Ranma cut any replies. "I can't solve this and I can't run away. The only solution I can see for everybody is to kill Ranma Saotome. I chose this place and told

you about it for a reason. I'm jumping. Bakusai Tenketsu."

Before anyone had done more than a step forward, Ranma stabbed his finger in the rock in front of him. Considering the breaking point technique, the explosion was rather small, but the point still detached itself from the cliff, letting gravity take control.

Everyone rushed to the cliff's edge, all yelling out his name. He was still standing on the rock as he fell, and he looked up at them, waving. "Good bye! I love you all!" he shouted before he began falling backwards, finding himself under the large rock before hitting the waters. They all knew he had no escaping his chosen fate.

The four fiancées and the mother broke down in tears and sobs, falling on their knees and hiding their faces in their hands. Nabiki just stared at where the rocky point had been, the waterfall below, unable and unwilling to believe that what she just saw had happened. Soun had fainted the moment Ranma had disappeared below the cliff, while Genma had walked away, wishing to be alone with his silent tears. Cologne simply shook her head, ashamed.

The last three, however, were far from being sad. They still had the good sense of not laughing and celebrating in front of everyone else, so just had some rather large grins on while looking at each other with glee. Their greatest enemy, the one responsible for all of their suffering, had just killed himself, showing how much of a coward he really was. Life couldn't be more sweet that day, and it was only beginning.

Ranma's body was never found. The river had been checked thoroughly, and the divers didn't want to risk going near the waterfall. Besides, if it had happened as the witnesses had said, the body was surely crushed under the rock that had fallen with him, so there wasn't much left anyway.

On a side note, Akane finally found out about Ryoga. She had been crying near the foot of the waterfall and he had come to comfort her. One small gust of wind had sent a little too much water in the air for Ryoga's liking, but too late, Akane had seen him. On that day, pigs could fly. Well, one of them did.

End Prologue

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